

# Begin the Song

## The Resurrection

Abraham Cowley

Henry Purcell  
(1659-1695)

Bass

Continuo

Be-gin the song, and strike the liv-ing lyre! Lo!

5

How the years to come, a nu-mer-ous and well fit-ted quire, All hand in hand do de-cent-ly ad-

10

vance, do de-cent-ly, do de-cent-ly ad-vance And to my-song with smooth and

16

e-qual-meas-ures dance. Whilst the dance lasts how long

22

so e'er it be, My mu-sic's voice, my mu-sic's

27

voice shall bear it com-pa-ny Till all gen-tle notes be drown'd In the last trum-

33

- pet's dread ful sound, That to the spheres them selves shall si - lence bring, Un- tune the

37

u - ni - ver - sal string: Then all the wide ex-tend-ed sky And all th'har- mo -

41

- nious world on high And Vir-gil's sa - cred work shall die; And he him-self shall see

45

in one fire shine Rich na-ture's an - cient Troy, though built by hands di- vine.

49

Whom thun - der's dis - mal noise And all the

53

pro-phets and a-pos-tles loud - er - spake And all the crea- tures' plain con- spir - ing

57

voice Could not, whilst they liv'd, a wake, This migh-ti-er sound

60

\_\_\_ shall make When dead to a - rise\_\_\_ And o - pen tombs and o - pen eyes to the long\_\_\_ slug - gards of

64

five\_\_\_ thou - sand years, This migh - ti - er sound\_\_\_ this migh ti - er sound

67

\_\_\_ shall make\_\_\_ its hear - er's ears. Then shall the

71

scat - ter'd at - oms crowd - ing come, back to their an - cient home, home, some from

77

birds, from fish es some, Some from earth, and some from seas, Some from beasts, and some from trees, some de

83

scend\_\_\_ from clouds on\_\_\_ high, Some from me - tals up - ward fly, Some de scend\_\_\_

89

\_\_\_ from clouds on high, Some from me - tals up - - - ward fly

95

And, where th'at-tend-ing soul nak-ed and shiv - 'ring stands, Meet, sa-lute, and join their hands,

99

As dis- pers'd\_ sol-diers at the trum - - - pet's call Haste\_\_\_\_\_ to their co-lours

103

all, Un-hap-pymost, like tor - tur'd men, Their joints new set, to be new wrack'd\_\_\_\_\_ a- gain:

108

To moun-tains the for shel- ter\_\_ pray, The moun-tains shake and run\_\_\_\_\_ a-boutno less con

111

fus'd\_\_\_\_\_ than they, the moun-tains shake and run\_\_\_\_\_ a- bout no less con-fus'd, no less con

114

fus'd, no less con- fus'd, no less con- fus'd\_\_\_\_\_ than they. stop, stop,\_\_\_ my muse, al- lay\_ thy vi-g'rous

119

heat, Kin-dled at a hint so great; Hold thy Pin-da-ric Pe-ga-sus close-ly in, Which does to rage\_\_\_\_\_ be

123

gin\_ And this steep hill would gal - lop\_ up with vi - - o-lentcourse; 'Tis\_ an un ru-ly

6 4 #

127

and hard mouth'd horse, Fierce\_\_\_\_\_ and un- bro-ken yet, Im-pa-tient of the spur or bit, Now pran-ces

b6 5

132

state-ly and a - non\_ flies\_\_\_\_\_ o'er the place, Dis-dains the ser-vile law of a-ny set - tled

139

pace, Con- scious and proud of his own nat - 'ral force, 'Twill no un - skil-ful touch en -

145

dure, But flings wri - ter and read-er too that sits\_\_\_\_\_ not sure.